

What Color Tells You by RobinPlaysTrumpet15

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Summary:

Mike knows colors, because Will likes colors. He knows there's something so off about Will having brown eyes when in fact, they should be so much more complicated.

What Color Tells You

Author's Note:

Hey guys! So I got into this show... I dunno. Maybe earlier this year or some time last year, I'm not sure. But either way, I rewatched it this past week (understatement), and this is the first thing I have written for this fandom. Not a whole lot of plot here, but I love focusing on character's eyes and Will's eye color change in the season gave me such a good reason to make a big deal out of it, lol.

Anyway, I hope you like this!

This wasn't Will, Mike could tell. This was Will's body, of course, but the being they were speaking to? Not Will.

It was in the eyes. Dark brown eyes.

Admittedly, they were a nice color, and in some strange, albeit creepy way, the color didn't look out of place on Will's face. It just seemed as if it should be there. As if Will's eyes had always been that rich chocolate brown.

But they hadn't been, because Will's eyes shouldn't and couldn't ever be just one color.

Mike knew colors. Mike knew colors because Will was, is, his best friend. He'd told Dustin last year that of course you could have more than one best friend, and he just happened to have three, but the truth remained that Will was still... higher than either Lucas or Dustin. That's just how it was. Will was special to Mike. His first friend.

If there was something better and closer than a best friend, that's what Will was.

And Will liked colors. He loved to draw, and he was pretty good at it too. Good at it for their age, and generally for kids older than them.

His crayons were worn down to nubs, their paper wrappers long ripped off and discarded. They were broken into smaller pieces, some colors gone completely, but all of them used and well loved.

So Mike recognized colors easily and enjoyed it, because it was something Will was interested in. Something that he took pride in and loved. And not just in the way that their friend group loved, say, DnD or science or A/V Club, but in a way that was just purely Will.

And Mike knew when a color scheme was off.

Will's was off.

Will's eyes were interesting to look at, especially in the light when all the colors stood out in stark relief. There was this... ring of brown, something dark and rich, surrounding his pupil, and right outside that existed another color somewhere in between a forest green and a muted yellow. That color faded to something resolutely green, all encased in a dark ring of what seemed to be a bluish gray. Mike supposed that Will's eyes were technically called hazel, and that there was a reason for that, and when they weren't being called hazel, they were called green, but that made it sound so much more boring than it actually was.

Because nothing about Will was boring, and his eye color was no exception.

(Something inside Mike said that if he actually said that out loud to anyone aside from Will himself, he'd be looked at funny.)

But so far, no one had said a thing about Will's eye color.

Mike had expected a comment about it at least from Mrs. Byers, perhaps even Jonathan, but no. Nothing. No mention of the drastically different eye color that his best friend was now sporting.

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It's Monday. They should be at school.

You know, had they not just stopped the world from ending.

Mike's mom had already called Dustin's and Lucas' moms and of course the three of them had called the police, because they hadn't seen their children and had been given absolutely no information from them, and no one could reach the Byers household, and no one seemed to know where the chief was at either.

And of course the town was losing its collective shit at the creepy, awful howling through the night and a rumor that Hawkins Lab had gone dark for hours and now sit quietly with no one coming or going.

But that didn't matter.

Because Mike was pacing in the living room of Will's house with Dustin, Lucas, Max, and Steve milling about as well. There was a dead demodog in the fridge, which Mrs. Byers might lose her shit at when she sees, but that's a future problem (and mostly a Dustin problem since Mike had nothing to do with it).

But then the door opened, and Mike felt his heart stop, waiting to see Will come into the house with his mom and brother and Nancy.

Instead, he saw El, closely followed by Hopper.

Well, that's one less thing to worry about.

They hugged, Mike might have cried, but he couldn't focus. He hadn't seen Will yet, hadn't heard anything from anyone who'd gone to Hopper's cabin, had no idea what had happened. What if Will had died? What if they weren't able to get the shadow monster out of Will in time and the closing gate had killed Will too? Mike had already gone through a period of time thinking Will was dead once, and he most certainly didn't want to do it for real.

That would be... it would be so... unbearable.

After all... he'd promised they'd go crazy together. Neither of them were crazy after all, but he'd promised. He couldn't keep that promise if Will was dead.

Eventually, Hopper reattached the phone to its place on the wall. They were lucky that Nancy hadn't completely broken the thing when she'd ripped it down.

But then it started ringing off the hook.

At first, the plan had been to just let it go. But then the ringing grew more insistent and Hopper was the one to answer.

It was Mike's mom.

He'd be so dead when he went home and couldn't give his parents a good enough reason as to why he'd been gone for three nights and missed school on a Monday.

But who cared.

Because in the middle of listening to Hopper talk, the front door opened. Jonathan came in first, leading the way for Mrs. Byers, who had Will tucked into her side, neatly wrapped up in a blanket and his mother's arm. Nancy followed behind, almost seeming like a bodyguard.

Mike ran.

Will was out of his mother's hold, his arms opening for Mike as soon as he set his eyes on his best friend. Mike's arms encircled the shorter boy and hugged him close, nearly lifting him off his feet in the process. Mike had cried a little bit when El had returned, but the floodgates were really open now. Rivers of tears streamed down his cheeks, dripping into Will's hair as a half frown, half smile tried to form on his mouth. And Will was hugging him back just as tightly, his hands stilled balled up in the blanket, wrapping Mike into the warmth.

As much as he would have loved to stand there forever and hold Will like he might never get the chance again if they parted, Mike had to know. He had to see.

So he loosened his hold just a little bit and pulled back, Will looking up to his curiously.

And the eyes that looked back at him were rimmed in red, with dark, tired bags underneath them. They were puffy and wet with tears marring his gentle features, but that color... those *colors*... blending together in the way Mike remembered. The way they were supposed

to. Brown then gold then green then gray. Perfect.

And so much more Will than the dreaded darkness from last night.

So Mike liked colors, hell, he loved colors. Because colors told him a lot.

Because Will was not so ordinary that his eyes could be just one color.

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading! If you caught any mistakes, feel free to let me know so I can go in and fix them. I hope you liked this story, and please let me know what you thought! I love feedback, especially since I'm still so new with these characters. Thanks!